

# THE METROPOLITAN.

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APRIL, 1840.

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## LITERATURE.

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### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*Works of* SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, M.P., A.M. *Ernest Maltravers.*

This is the second volume of the reprint of the works, in a popular form and at a low price, of this gifted author. In using the term gifted, we do not blush for its common-place, for if shame be necessary, it is to those critics who have so shamelessly prostituted every word of eulogy upon unworthiness, that the phrases of honest approval have nearly lost their value, or may be very wickedly construed into something totally opposite to commendation. It is enough for us, that the term "gifted" exactly expresses our meaning, and it is no fault of ours if it be made almost ridiculous by having been lavished upon some of the popular authors of *the* day, and of *a* day. Before we give a brief notice of Maltravers, we request the reader of that highly-wrought romance by no means to indulge in the habit, not *always* "more honoured in the breach than the observance," of skipping the introduction and the preface, for reasons that he will discover upon attending to our recommendation. The work itself could only have been the production of a high-souled principle, and of an elaborately cultured mind. The whole tenor of the fiction is decidedly philosophical, and often becomes deeply so. The hero, Maltravers, is the Hamlet of modern life. That he is an author does not destroy the *vraisemblance*, as it is merely incidental to his position in society and the habit of his time. Indeed, the literary effusions of Maltravers have but little effect upon his fortunes, though they operate, to a considerable extent, upon the phases of his thoughts. No one who knows anything of Sir Edward could suppose, for a moment, that anything resembling autobiography is shadowed out in this work. Though our author, in writing, is beautifully imaginative, and eminently poetical, in his public life (for his private affairs and deportment concern only those who are honoured with his intimacy) he is a practical utilitarian, and would be, if necessary, even laborious. Now, Maltravers is the

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reverse of all this—he is speculative, nay, absolutely dreamy, and a very idle man, so far as the action of worldly occupation is concerned. But not in the hero consists the sole beauty of the romance. All the various characters are vividly imagined, and excellently supported. That which we most admire in this is its truth to nature, and its searching humanity. Vice triumphs, and, as morals are now understood, it must necessarily do so. The struggle between the good, and all the degrees of the bad, from the plausible preserver of appearances, to the boastful depraved, is so unfair in point of numbers, and we are sorry to say in point of intellect also, that without some craft no man can hold his own, and he will infallibly lose caste. Let it always be borne in mind, that the noble-minded and the generous will not have recourse to the poisonous weapons and the dirty stratagems by which the generality of your thriving folks work their successful way. Indeed, and indeed, there is a just necessity for a hereafter, and of a stern meting out of retributive justice. All this is quietly but distinctly exemplified in the brilliant romance before us. As the world now is, the spirit of overreaching is identified with all our institutions—all, yea all. It is mixed up with our commerce, it is almost the staple of politics, it is apparent in religion, and fundamental in law. Even those professions that ought to be founded on the immutable truths of science are not free from it. There is deceit in medicine as it is practised—everywhere we see unscrupulous wit contending with unsuspecting worth—we need not designate the victor. Such being the case, every termination of a novel or romance, in which virtue triumphs and vice is punished, is a sarcasm upon fact; and though very pleasing to read, it does not show a very deep knowledge of human nature to write. Sir Edward has felt this, and written accordingly. But we think we hear some purist ask us, if there be no virtue extant. We answer, a very great deal. The lawyer will be shocked at overreaching in the merchant; the merchant horrified by the venal empiricism of the physician, whilst the politician firmly believes that it is the duty of all the other classes honestly to earn their bread, but for the general good, he must be too wily to be overreached. Shall we cite instances? How easy, but yet how invidious! Everything is conventional, and everything, in a stringent moral sense, dishonest.

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*Memoirs of Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, C.B., &c.* By EDWARD HOWARD, Author of "Rattlin the Reefer," "Jack Ashore," &c.

The principal recommendation of this work is, that its contents correspond accurately with its title; and that it is sufficient, and more than sufficient, to the fame of its hero. The gravest defects of the biographies of the day are, too much amplitude in quantity, and too little value as to quality. What should be history is turned into a good hit in trade, and the bookseller, in conjunction with the vain or venal author, victimises the public, in many volumes, when one would have been more than enough for the character chronicled, and altogether too much for the reader. With the stern impartiality that ought always to be the characteristic of the historian, whether of one man or of

the many, Mr. Howard has delineated his hero such as records have proved him to be—a man not great, but capable of much greatness—the favourite of fortune, and, like most favourites, a spoiled one—with high soul and chivalrous notions, yet the victim of a sublime vanity that no repulse could weaken, or no castigation destroy. These two volumes were announced as memoirs, and as memoirs only should they be read. The principal features of Sir Sidney Smith's character are strongly marked out; all the actions of his life of any moment recorded, and just so much of private anecdote produced, as to give a distinctive individuality to the character. Any person doing more than this, must descend into the twaddle of the tea-table, and write gossip instead of biography. One great achievement, and two or three striking facts, are all that history will have to perpetuate as the deeds of the hero of Acre. We think that Mr. Howard has been extremely happy, not so much in the selection of his subject, as having so well acquitted himself of a task extremely difficult to perform well, seeing that so much of weakness, combined with vast pretension, was mixed up in every occurrence of the life that he undertook to write. Had he endeavoured to have made more of his hero, he would have produced a romance that would have misled the public, and bombast must have given place to truth; had he collected all the anecdotes, and told all the idle stories current about Sir Sidney, England would have had to record one hero less. Now that we are on the subject of naval biographies, we may mention that they have been made, or, at least, that it has been endeavoured to make them, a close monopoly in the hands of one high official in the admiralty connected with a leading review. The consequence of this is, that if any one attempt to invade this assumption of a privilege, all the weight and interest of the author oligarchy, the organ of whose thunders may be found in Albemarle-street, are immediately called in request to crush the intruder, and reviewing venom is lavishly poured upon his work, in order that it may stink in the nostrils of a deluded public. It was in this manner that a late writing captain of the navy was victimised. Bad as all this is, the world at large has the more cause to repine than the oppressed author; but it is the world's fault. The people of England have too easily yielded up their judgment to a set of clever, but base and meanly interested reviewers. These men have been too easily permitted to appoint themselves as the arbiters of taste, and the distributors of popularity. Let the spirit in which they write be proved by comparing two antagonist reviews employed upon the self-same work. It is very true, that no review can make current a bad, or even an indifferent book, but a leading one can, and often *does*, strangle at its birth, a work so excellent, that the canker-eaten reviewer could as easily approach its merits, as be honest with the critical pen in his hand. The world is more indebted to Thomas Moore for his exposé of the reviewing process, in his *Life of Lord Byron*, than for the cleverest of his very clever works. We have wandered a little from our subject, but it can hardly be called a digression, as we wish that works should be more judged than they are by what their authors say *in them*, than by what disappointed and envious men, calling themselves critics, say *of them*. Let but Mr. Howard's *Memoirs of Sir Sidney Smith* be tried by this ordeal, and we are well



assured that his success will be as complete as the most sanguine writer could wish.

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*The Protestant Exiles of Zillerthal ; their Persecutions and Expatriation from the Tyrol, on separating from the Romish Church and embracing the Reformed Faith. Translated from the German of Dr. Rheinwald, of Berlin.* By JOHN B. SAUNDERS.

The Quarterly Review, in the month of June last year, drew the attention of the English public to Dr. Rheinwald's interesting narrative of the persecutions practised upon a handful of simple, honest and industrious peasants, who had presumed to worship God in their own way among the magnificent mountains of the Tyrol. The reviewer gave an analysis of the little German book, together with copious extracts ; but Mr. John Saunders here presents us with a faithful and elegant, and a spirited translation of the whole, preceded by a preface ably written, but with, we think, rather too strong a leaning to the belief that the church of England, and Protestantism in general, are in danger from the inroads of popery ; and that the Catholics are everywhere animated "with the still unchanged spirit of intolerance and persecution"—the latter being a position which we unhesitatingly and absolutely deny. He may be right in shifting the blame of these recent persecutions in the Tyrol from the Austrian government (which, for some generations, has been exceedingly mild and tolerant) to the Romish church—though here he ought rather to have said the Romish priests in the Tyrol, who, like some other priests of the same communion much nearer home, are an ill-educated, bigoted class. We fear, however, that, generally speaking, without noticing the limited exceptions to the rule, the only security for toleration or entire freedom of conscience lies in the *numbers* and power of those who dissent from the church or churches by law established. The Protestants of Zillerthal were, as we have called them, a handful, and they were located in the midst of an honest-hearted but rude and superstitious people, wholly unaccustomed to innovations, either political or religious. With all our respect for the growing enlightenment of the people of this island, we believe that there are yet places in England and Scotland where no small community of papists would be allowed to keep open their chapel and celebrate mass without molestation and insult. Such a community would, we believe, be inevitably driven into "the sweet security of the streets"—into some of our great towns where education has made more progress, where attention is divided by a variety of objects, and where people are accustomed to various forms of worship. Our government, our church, (though we are not quite sure as to some of our rural parsons, Anglicans, or followers of Knox,) would have nothing to do with such a persecution, but they would be utterly unable to prevent it ; and it would still be an irritating and a cruel persecution. Nor are we quite sure that we might not say even more than this, at the present moment, when a desperate party, for merely political purposes, are keeping up this loud and deafening outcry about the "Church in Danger !" It is not so many years



ago since the people even of this vast capital burnt and pillaged the chapels of the Catholics. What has happened may happen again, though scarcely, we believe, in London.

Mr. Saunders also draws an unfortunate argument from the Tyrol persecution in favour of the right assumed by the Church of England to direct and control the national education. His premises justify and bear a totally different conclusion. The establishment has other arguments in its favour, and many of them weighty ones; but it is not our intention to go into this difficult subject, our wish being merely to say a faint word on behalf of *universal* toleration.

Doctor Rheinwald draws a very graphic picture of the poor peasants of Zillerthal, and his little book will be read with interest, even by those who are not sharers in all his zeal. The translation, we repeat, is exceedingly well done.

*A Treatise on the Principal Diseases of the Lungs.* By HUME WEATHERHEAD, M.D., Physician to the Royal Free Hospital, &c.

Many talented and well-educated men, in the present day, devote their attention principally to one class of diseases, and the natural consequence is, that by constant study and long experience they attain a thorough knowledge of the subject. Dr. Weatherhead is known to have long made all pulmonary complaints his especial study; and in the volume before us we see evinced the result of his ample experience in the treatment of these diseases.

The subject of consumption, in particular, is treated with great clearness and ability, including new views of this fatal malady that have enabled us to understand its real nature more distinctly than, as non-professional readers, we had hoped to attain. Dr. Weatherhead has given us a lucid exposition of the cause, origin, and nature of those depositions in the lungs now well known by the name of tubercles; which is further illustrated by a plate representing them in different stages of their growth and their progress to dissolution. The numerous forms of asthmatic affections are not less intelligibly discussed; but the various contents of this excellent practical work comprise too much to be analysed but imperfectly in the succinct limits we can allow for it. We must, therefore, conclude by recommending it earnestly to all those who may unfortunately suffer under pulmonary diseases.

*Remarks on the Trial of the Earl of Stirling, at Edinburgh, April 29th, 1839, for Forgery.* By an ENGLISH LAWYER.

The case of the Earl of Stirling, or the person claiming (and hitherto vainly) the titles and estates of the old earldom of Stirling, is exceedingly interesting, and ought to find a place in the new work which we see announced—“*English Causes Célèbres.*” Our English lawyer is much more thoroughly convinced of the justice of the claims and incontrovertible nature of the evidence produced than we

are ; but he has arranged his matter with ability and effect, and produced what we consider a 'very amusing brochure.' He observes properly, that a case strongly resembling the present occurred in Scotland some years ago, (it was that of Crawford,) and the party accused was banished his native country for fourteen years, but the documents were afterwards shown beyond a doubt to be genuine ; and that therefore it is hardly possible to act with too much caution in analysing the facts and inferences which present themselves in such cases. We have been much amused with some of the extracts and papers in our English lawyer's Appendix. By an extract from a return made in the year 1739, by the lords of session, at the order of House of Lords, it appears that, through various accidents, the state of the Scottish records is very imperfect, not merely in the more ancient parts, which will be understood by looking into the history of the conquests and depredations of our Edward I., but also in its more modern parts. Amongst the records of parliament of the date of 1661, there is a paper showing that the registers which had been carried to London during the government of Cromwell, were being brought back from London after the restoration of Charles II., by sea ; that eighty-five hogsheads of papers were, in a storm, shifted out of the frigate, "the Eagle," into another vessel, which sank, with all these records, at sea ; and that ten hogsheads more, that were brought safely down from London at that time, were left to lie unopened and neglected in the general register-house at Edinburgh. Here we may count upon the ruin and loss of twenty hogsheads of old documents ! Why, this is enough to break the hearts of twenty antiquarians ! The same paper also shows that after the practice of creating peerages by patent, the Scottish records, till of late, had been so carelessly kept, that where they exist, they cannot be depended upon as legal evidence, Patents of honour have passed the great seal of Scotland, and yet copies of the patents so passed are not to be met with in the register of that seal. A very little research would throw doubt upon the titles and honours of more than half of the noble families of that country ; and it is believed that in many cases no documentary evidence of any kind whatsoever could be found to support the honours and titles which are held and have been held for ages. When a certain Thane, lately deceased, was anxious to become a plain citizen, and so find his way into the House of Commons, he said that he had discovered that of all the titles and distinctions he had borne, he had no right to any of them but *one*—and he cursed that one for sticking to him and spoiling his *civisme*.

The industrious and learned present keeper of the register office at Edinburgh has done a great deal in putting into order the documents which escaped the hands of the Edwards and Cromwells, the hungry maw of the sea, fires, and damp, and mildew on shore, and which have survived the inveterate negligence of his predecessors ; but we are not quite sure whether the best that could happen for those who are anxious about their titles, would not be an immediate destruction of all the records of Scotland.

*Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman ; Conquest, with Anecdotes of their Courts. Now first published from official records and other authentic documents, private as well as public.* By AGNES STRICKLAND.

This volume is history of the most genuine and sterling character, and all that the ephemeral criticisms of the day can do is to bring it a little earlier into that general repute which its intrinsic merits are certain to procure for it. Miss Strickland has read not only deeply, but wisely ; and, from the polish that she has given to her production, we may be convinced that she has bestowed upon it great labour, and her eminent success has proved that labour to have been a labour of love. In the political and religious opinions that she has been compelled to advert to, she has shown herself singularly unprejudiced,—a wonderful praise for a lady, for ladies are generally despots in their peculiar sphere, and levellers in everything else. With the first volume we are totally unacquainted, and the excellence of the second (the one now before us) causes us much to regret our ignorance. We presume that the authoress will bring down her history to the present auspicious reign, and then she will change sides, and, placing the distaff in the hands of Prince Albert, give the admiring world the biography of the Queen's consort, for of those who hold the imperial sway, the plan of her work permits her not to speak. This volume contains the lives of twelve queens, commencing with Berengaria, queen of Richard I., and ending with Anne of Bohemia, the wife of Richard II. The insight of the privacy of the domestic lives of these exalted personages is, of itself, enough to make a reputation, and can be obtained from no other source. There can be but little doubt, if Miss Strickland live to complete her work, it will become standard, and be pronounced essentially a part of the reading of every one who wishes to be made familiar with the history of England. In a work of this description, the mere beauties of style are of a secondary nature—information, truth, and impartiality are the principal ingredients. But even as to style the lady need not blush—it is feminine and pure—deficient in power, but of much elegance, and we meet here and there a graceful archness that a refined taste will value more than the mere flashing of wit. We anxiously look for the third volume.

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*The Truth of Revelation, demonstrated by an Appeal to existing Monuments, Sculptures, Gems, Coins, and Medals.* By JOHN MURRAY, F.S.A., &c.

“The books of nature and revelation,” says Lord Bacon, “mutually illustrate each other;” and to this axiom the good and great in every age have emphatically responded. Men who have studiously endeavoured at one time to undermine the basis of Christianity, have often, at last, abandoned the fruitless task, and joined the ranks of its most strenuous supporters. In England alone, what has not the conviction of this “truth” achieved? How many patriots and martyrs



has it cheered in the dungeon, and strengthened at the stake ! This hope of immortality, such as it appears in the book of Revelation, has, in instances innumerable, evinced its supremacy in the darkest hours of trial, and will ever continue to impart its regenerating influence to all who conscientiously seek to know its power, and to frame their lives according to its precepts. Great writers, it is true, have employed their learning, labour, and ingenuity, to bring our blessed faith into discredit, but theirs was only an "arm of flesh." They impiously discharged those weapons that were soon to recoil upon themselves. If infidelity has had her advocates in a Mirabeau, a Condorcet, a Volney, a Voltaire, a Hume, a Gibbon,—what are these compared with the names of Bacon, Newton, Milton, Boyle, Addison, Locke, Johnson, and innumerable others, who have borne, and continue to bear, triumphant testimony to the "truth of Revelation?" To strengthen this "testimony," to engage the sceptic, to confirm him who still "halts between two opinions," by an appeal to existing monuments, is the object of the work before us; in which, with considerable novelty in the plan, our author has brought to his aid much interesting matter, some striking arguments, and the fruits of matured thought and extensive reading. There is, besides, in almost every page, some evidence of that christian philanthropy—that fervent belief—that bold and uncompromising fortitude,—with which some of our best and earliest teachers have illustrated the beauty, and enforced the necessity of a religious life. Our limits do not permit us to enter upon a more full analysis of the work; but thoroughly convinced of its excellent tendency, and of the zeal and ability with which the author has performed his task, we heartily bid him God speed, and trust that the bread which he has now cast upon the waters will be found after many days.

The work is illustrated by numerous engravings on wood and stone: many of them rare and curious, and bearing forcibly on the subject.

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*Holme Park, or the Reverses of Fortune. A Tale of Real Life.* By MARY JANE SHEILD.

But few words will express our opinion upon this affair. It is one of the class of pious stories which we detest, and have reason for our detestation—and it is simply this, that sacred things should be confined to sacred places and sacred occasions; or else, as in this instance, they are too likely to be desecrated, and to trench upon impiety. We would wish to see in every story a strong religious, as well as a strong moral feeling inculcated—but not in scripture language; nor with the holy expressions that should be reserved exclusively for prayer or praise. The tale before us is over-abounding with quotations from holy writ. They are not brought in at long intervals and reverently, but in the familiar strain of the work itself. This is sad taste, but in which the authoress has sinned in common with all the writers of serious novels, from Mrs. Hannah More down to herself. Her individual demerits are, a total want of tact, and an almost total want of talent. The materials are of the old

stock of stories of this description, a religious heroine persecuted by a seductive infidel, a long consumption, and a deathbed. The only praise that we can give this lady, is that of a pure and very commendable intention; as a good and a devout Christian we honour her; but before we praise her as a writer, we must see farther occasion.

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*Michael Angelo, considered as a Philosophical Poet. With Translations.* By JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR.

This work is given to the public in two languages. For what people was it written, seeing that neither of them is translated? Was it meant for the English reader? If so, he has only half a book. Was it meant for the Italian? He is in no better condition than the other. By this ingenious device, the author has most judiciously circumscribed his admirers to the select and enlightened few. But let not our readers, as did Dr. Slop, when Corporal Trim began to read the Shandyan sermon, think that we are going to abuse the apostle of abstract beauty in the person of our very talented author. So far from it, we are proud to say that we admire him extremely, and do not hesitate to pronounce, that he has produced a work at once profound and pleasing. Nearly one half of the book is occupied by a very interesting inquisition as to the existence of abstract beauty—of what it really is, and where it is to be searched for. That its perfection has never yet been found, it is generally agreed upon to admit. This discussion necessarily involves everything physical and metaphysical; and the learning that Mr. Taylor has displayed upon the subject is extensive as well as rare. Michael Angelo had noble, almost successful, aspirations for this divine perfection. He sought for it in magnificence. His intellectual greatness was vast, but he did not obtain it. How to acquire that which cannot be defined, may be a hopeless, but not a vain pursuit. Though the goal be not attained, wonderful riches are gathered on the road. The best definition of supreme beauty that we have met with, is in this little volume. "It consists in a perfect agreement of the cause with the effect, and a harmonious accord of the parts among themselves, and of the whole with the parts"—which definition is applicable only to the mathematical circle, which mathematical circle is certainly *not* the *ne plus ultra* of abstract beauty. The stanzas of Michael Angelo are singularly well and faithfully translated; but we are bound to state that they do not fulfil our expectations as to his greatness. As a specimen, we quote his sonnet on Dante:—

" There is no tongue to speak his eulogy ;  
Too brightly burned his splendour for our eyes :  
Far easier to condemn his injurers,  
Than for the tongue to reach his smallest worth.  
He to the realms of sinfulness came down,  
To teach mankind ; ascending then to God,  
Heaven unbarred to him her lofty gates,  
To whom his country hers refused to ope.

Ungrateful land, to its own injury  
 Nurse of his fate ! Well too does this instruct,  
 That greatest ills fall to the perfectest.  
 And 'midst a thousand proofs let this suffice,  
 That, as his exile had no parallel,  
 So never was there man more great than he."

Now this work, merely as a matter of business, we strenuously recommend to the artist, whether he labour on canvass, marble, or draw forth his realisations of beauty from the furnace. It will open to him new vistas of thought, and enlarge his mind. To the fancied connoisseur of pictures, and the babblers about *virtu*, this book is an inestimable prize : if they study it well, they will be enabled to say something sensible upon the fine arts, and perhaps, in time, come to understand a little what they so much talk about. We are truly of opinion that this small volume will be the parent of some heavy tomes. We would not have the author anticipated by a less capable mind, but wish to see him follow out the subject that he has so well opened.

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*Prince Albert and the House of Saxony, with a particular Memoir of the reigning Family of Saxe-Coburg Gotha.* By FREDERIC SHOBBERL, Esq.

This is, of a truth, an aristocratic little volume, and, in its mere outward accessories, got up in a style that will make it a graceful tenant of the most sumptuous drawing-rooms, in most of which it is at present to be found. It is already hastening through a second edition, and doubtless will have commenced its third before we go to press. This book does not, however, depend upon its outward adornments for its popularity. Its intrinsic merits are great, and, above all, it is opportune both as to time and circumstance. All that is necessary to be told on the subject is well told, and the talented author has evidently been more intent in affording valuable information than in making a book. As this volume is strictly historical and biographical, it cannot and will not be looked upon as a mere ephemeral of the day ; it has a fair claim to a station in our libraries, and will obtain it. The plate of the effigies (we like the old term) of the prince is clearly engraved, and is good. May he look as handsome and as guileless ten years hence !

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*The History of Scotland, from the Earliest Period to the Accession of Queen Victoria.* By ROBERT SIMPSON.

This is a book calculated for tuition, and that it has succeeded, is evident from its having reached the twenty-third edition. It is but a brief abstract truly, but it is well abbreviated, which is no weak commendation. But even to those who have drunk of the stream of history from a much larger source, this little work will be acceptable, not only as a reference, but as a reminiscence also, in keeping alive the



recollections, and in preserving facts in their right order. We do not, in our remarks, mean to say that this production is a masterpiece of genius, nor that a better one, upon the same principle, and calculated for the same uses, could not be produced: but it is sufficient to its ends, and so good of its kind, that it affords no temptation to any one to endeavour to supplant it in the extensive circulation which it now enjoys.

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*Prosperity of the Landlords not dependent on the Corn Laws.* By  
THOMAS JERVOUS.

This is a small but important pamphlet, on a very important subject. It deserves to be read, and to be read with deep consideration. It is our opinion that the author sees the truth, but not the whole truth. It is most unanswerably true, that no taxes should ever be enforced for any other purpose than that of revenue. When any one trade is, or the products of any particular business are, protected by imposts on importation, great damage is inflicted upon the whole body politic. All trades want an increased body of consumers. Our answer is, do not be so anxious to seek them from abroad. Treat your own countrymen like human beings and fellow Christians, by giving the working classes a fair remuneration for their labour, and they will become your best and most constant purchasers, and afford you the most advantageous market. Mr. Jervous makes his remedies for the present difficulty to consist in a fixed duty of ten shillings a quarter upon imported grain, which is to be a duty for revenue, and not for protection—this is pleasant, the taking out the money from our pockets under another designation. We have now neither space nor inclination to break a lance in favour of or against the corn laws. For the present we only say, help the population at large, by giving them fair wages to become better and more profitable consumers. There is much truth in the pamphlet before us, and it is told with judgment. We know not if the author sees his way farther than he has yet gone, but he has not gone, in any sense far, enough.

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*Thomas à Becket; a Dramatic Chronicle, in Five Acts.* By  
GEORGE DARLEY.

There is an inequality in the composition of this drama, but a boldness of thought and language in its distinguishing characteristics. Mr. Darley possesses considerable talent, but as an acting drama, *Thomas à Becket* would, we think, be a decided failure. It does not appear to us to have the requisite attributes for representation, though, as a work for private reading, it is far from deficient in merit. There are many scenes and passages of great power and beauty, and the characters are generally faithfully drawn. The creation of Dwerga, the female dwarf of Queen Eleanor, we do not admire, and the positions in which she is placed are neither pleasing nor natural. The cha-

racter of Becket is, perhaps, the best drawn one in the chronicle, and though it is not a faultless, it is at least a meritorious, reproduction of an olden style of literature.

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*Dr. Goldsmith's Abridgment of the History of England.*

This is a standard school-book that has passed through many editions, and is too well known to require any comment upon it, with the exception of noticing the continuation by Mr. Robert Simpson, who has carried forward its annals to the accession of her present Majesty. This continuation may lay claim to the praise of a concentrated simplicity admirably adapted for youth. The short essay subjoined, on the British Constitution, is useful, and strictly in place. We have no great opinion of the questions and answers at the end of the chapters. This method of instruction is much better supplied by the tutor *vivâ voce*. However, it serves to swell the book, and soothe the *otium cum vel sine dignitate* of the preceptor.

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*The Temperance Emigrants; a Drama, descriptive of the Difficulties and Encouragements incident to Temperance Societies, and general Temperance Life.* By JOHN DUNLOP, Esq., one of the Vice-Presidents of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, and President of the Western Scottish Temperance Union. Author of "The Philosophy of Drinking Usage in Great Britain and Ireland."

This book is not so good as Mr. Dunlop's former volume. As a drama, it is singularly undramatic. The characters, if we can so call them, are overdone; and, as for the dialogue, it is heavy and inflated. But we think it would defy the powers of Shakspeare himself to render dramatical "A Meeting of the Central Committee of the Teetotal Society," or to make poetical abuses of parsons and preachers for not insisting on total abstinence. Jenny Rintoul is a very unnatural and revolting lassie; and parson Rutherford talks and acts like a fool. The catastrophe, or Rutherford's suicide, is so managed, that we hardly know whether we ought to laugh or cry at it. We give the author credit for every good intention; but most assuredly he has this time committed a mistake. It is not by such efforts that the "temperance cause" will be promoted.

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*Sordello.* By ROBERT BROWNING.

If it were possible to understand the meaning of the writer of this poem, we should be delighted to impart the information to our readers. It is full of hard words and mysterious sentences, but what they allude to, it would puzzle a conjuror to tell. In this dilemma, what can we do better than let Mr. Browning speak for himself?

"—Meantime, just meditate my madrigal  
O' the mugwort that conceals a dewdrop safe!  
What, dullard? We and you in smothery chafe,  
Babes, baldheads, stumbled thus far into Zin  
The Horrid, getting neither out nor in,  
A hungry sun above us, *sands among*  
*Our throats*, each dromedary lolls a tongue,  
Each camel churns a sick and frothy chap,  
And you, 'twixt tales of Potiphar's mishap,  
And sonnets on the *earliest ass that spoke*,  
Remark you wonder any one needs choak  
With founts about! Potsherd him Gibeonites,  
While awkwardly enough your Moses smites  
The rock, though he forego the Promised Land,  
Thereby, have Satan claim his carcass, and  
Dance, forsooth, Metaphysic Poet . . . ah  
Mark ye the dim first oozings?"

This is a fair specimen of the poem throughout. We had rather write sonnets on the *latest*, as well as the earliest *speaking ass*, than be doomed to read such unintelligible oozings of nonsense.

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*Flowers of my Spring.* POEMS.

It is not our wish to speak harshly of any young writer; but when a youth of eighteen has the hardihood to malign critics as a body, we think he deserves something like a gentle rebuke. He forgets that reviewers are gentlemen who are answerable to the community in general for whatever opinions they may express; and we believe no person possessing common sense will dispute that many of his similes are most perfect nonsense. For instance, he describes the sea as a "wild watery mountain;" and tells us that the primrose "heaves its sweet head." We really are sorry that we cannot give any praise to the productions of this very independent young gentleman, who fain would teach the teachers; but to prove that we condemn more in pity than in anger, we will give, as a specimen of his versification, four lines from "Kirkstall Abbey."

"O Editors! is conscience such a mighty thing?  
Whose name so oft my pen hath ta'en in vain;  
Would that I ne'er had been so *foul a thing*,  
And had my choice to pluck at once again."

The young author will perceive that we do *not agree* with the "king of critics, that *all* who who have struck the lyre are worthy of immortality."

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*The Life of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington.* By MAJOR B. JACKSON and CAPT. C. R. SCOTT.

Colonel Gurwood's publication of the Duke of Wellington's despatches forms not only to Great Britain a standard national work of the highest pride and deepest interest, but it is a book of importance



to all civilised nations; and will be valuable and interesting to every country, as it comes within the pale of civilisation. These despatches must for ever be the source, reference, authority, and muniment of history, for they of necessity contain the real condition of the affairs to which each of them respectively relates; and though an officer may possibly compose a despatch for the gazette, of a character suited to the public appetite for the time, the documents addressed by a great commander to the cabinet from which he is to draw his supplies of money, as well as the *personnel* and *materiel* of his army, and also to receive his instructions as to collateral support, and the objects for which he is to contend, admit of no falsification, colouring, or tampering whatever. We may apply to these despatches the line of Pope,—

“From these posterity will take their books.”

One very great advantage has already been derived from Colonel Gurwood's work. It has given rise to several Lives of the Duke of Wellington; for singular is it, that previously this illustrious man, though his active or military career had closed, was without a biographer or a biography of any merit commensurate with the subject. We have now several well-written lives of this great commander and distinguished statesman, and they are as satisfactory as we could reasonably expect under existing circumstances. All such subjects have their stages, periods, and epocha. Passions, predilections, and prejudices will unavoidably interfere with the truth; each biographer will write in a spirit of nationality; and it is a misfortune of our nature, that a great man, in public life at least, must be quietly or unquietly inurned in the tomb for at least one generation, ere a nice, accurate, and really just estimate can be formed of his actions and character. These observations apply with peculiar force to such men as Napoleon and Wellington. Their splendours burst forth not only amid revolutions of governments, and the rapid annihilations and creations of states, republics, and monarchies—not only amidst the extinctions of dynasties, of military systems, and of all the ancient principles and maxims of legislation, of civil polity, and executive management, but amidst the most fiery passions of the human race, when reason was totally unheeded, and all things were estimated by violent affection and admiration, or by equally violent antipathies and desires of vengeance. This state of human affairs has necessarily left its traces and consequences on the minds of the existing generation in all countries, and hence it is, that not until the period of our “*nati natorum et (aut) qui nascentur ab illis*,” can the world expect an impartial biography of such illustrious men as either Napoleon or the Duke of Wellington. Two authors of equal talent, having access to precisely the same documents and sources of information, and being each equally impressed with an ardent love of truth, and with an equal anxiety, “naught to extenuate, or to set down aught in malice,” will make very different biographies of either the Emperor Napoleon or Field Marshal Wellington, according to whether such authors be Englishmen or Frenchmen. The difference would be nearly the same if the biographers were Austrians or Germans of any description, and the

evil would be far from diminished, were they Prussians, Hollanders, Italians, Spaniards, or Portuguese. With respect to these considerations, and they are of an importance and of a nature absorbing all others, the only country from which it might be supposed that we could derive any biography of Napoleon or of Wellington, at all approximating to impartiality or justice, is America; but the Americans are not yet a literary people, and they feel no interest in military warfare, or rather entertain a great antipathy to it; and, above all things, they do not understand the subject, or apparently wish to understand it. They despise the objects for which European battles are fought, and ridicule the principles upon which "the old countries" engage in war. Such are the causes to which we have now briefly adverted, that prevent the possibility of the present race of men possessing impartial and veracious biographies of either of the two great military heroes of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. All our biographers have succumbed under these abstract and inseparable disadvantages by far more than was necessary; and if Major Jackson and Captain Scott be not the greatest aberrators from the severity of the historical muse, they are certainly not the least. Their history is national more than universal, and it is adapted to "the ignorant present," more than to posterity. In fact, it is English, all English, and nothing but English. Foreign authorities seem not to have been consulted, or if consulted, they have been referred to with but little benefit, or we might say, with a prejudice which amounts to a predetermination to reject or to depreciate them. This common failing is of all ages, and is indigenous to all countries. How often have we smiled at the monstrous discrepancies between the statements made and the views taken by English and foreign writers of the period, with respect to the campaigns and battles of the Duke of Marlborough. The French greatly modify our success, and trace it to various causes totally different from any which English authors have ever ascribed it to be. The Germans, and especially the Hanoverians and Dutch, are willing to extol the triumphs to the utmost stretch of imagination, but they take all the glory to themselves. They show, or try to show, by the comparative numbers of British and allied troops in the different battles, that "the hard-fought fields" were won by them and not by us, and many a German writer has considered Prince Eugene as the god of war, and Marlborough as little better than a stunted corporal, or, at best but only a good brigade officer, or general of division. Controversies ran extremely high, and were conducted with great acrimony on this subject, in the reigns of Queen Anne and her successor, and many a duel was fought in those "good old times," as they are absurdly called, between our officers and authors on one side, and those of France, Holland, and Germany on the other, to prove a point which a duel could neither establish, invalidate, or in any wise affect, more than could drinking glasses of wine or smoking tobacco-pipes together. We have seen many old pamphlets on these now forgotten and immaterial controversies. If we go as far back as the battles of Cressy, Poitiers, and Azincourt, the case will not be altered; and with respect to the conflicts, the causes and results, a very acute person might read the foreign chronicles and historians, and the authors of English history,

and come to a conclusion, that he had been reading upon totally different subjects. The only way at present to approximate to a knowledge of facts, for to arrive at them is impossible, is to read the foreign and the English accounts of the Duke of Wellington's campaigns and battles, and to draw a medium conclusion. The French, Prussian, and English versions of the campaigns in the Netherlands, which terminated in the battle of Waterloo, are as different as if each related to a different subject; of the battle itself, the contradictions are infinite, and if certain Prussian writers are to be implicitly believed, the English had very little comparatively to do in the conflict, and that little not much to their advantage. The conventional language of military writers, as well as the nature of all battles, contributed greatly to such contradictions and anomalies. Every battle has its points, and very many points, of failure and of triumph, on each side, before the general or final result is consummated; and the contenders will select from alternations of loss and gain, according to their feelings, pride, and interest. The estimates of relative forces admit of great variations and discrepancies, for they are always on all sides formed upon no certain data, and each party takes or gives the plus or minus *ad libitum*. The conventional phrases are most accommodating to national vanity. If an English charge of infantry succeeds, we drive the enemy before us at the point of the bayonet, and the French account is, that a certain regiment, brigade, or division, altered its position. If we are thoroughly defeated, and make a rapid and even a disorderly retreat, our phrase is, that the army fell back and occupied such and such a point, whilst the enemy's despatch sets forth that they are in rapid pursuit of the flying enemy. If by hard fighting and gallant charges we capture a number of cannon, we state the fact in glowing colours, whilst our adversaries omit the circumstance altogether, or soften it by the phrase, that, owing to some accident, a few field-pieces fell into the hands of the enemy. In fact, nothing can be more deceptive and fallacious than military history; so much so, that a moralist might conclude that it was written solely to bewilder or deceive. All military annals, memoirs, and history, must be read with extreme caution. Our authors, we fear, have not done their best to minimise those evils; and, perhaps, their best *cheval de bataille* is, that they stand in rank and file, or in line, with their cotemporaries and rivals; or, to use a nautical phrase, "they all row in the same boat." The eleventh part or monthly number of Major Jackson and Captain Scott's *Life of the Duke of Wellington* concludes the work, and it gives the reader, *gratis*, four and a half sheets extra, or beyond what was promised in the prospectus or original plan of the undertaking. The number commences with the Duke's military operations on the Adour in 1814, and with the battle of Toulouse, which terminated his services in the South of Europe. The important transactions of this period are clearly stated, but with a disparagement of Marshal Soult as an officer, in which we are sure the Duke of Wellington will not agree. Major Jackson and Captain Scott seem never to reflect, that, by depreciating the talents and skill of French officers, they greatly diminish the merits of the Duke and of his army in conquering them. The campaign in the Netherlands, with the battles of Ligny, Quatres-Bras,



and Waterloo, and the occupation of Paris by the allies, terminate this biography, which is confined, as much as possible, to military officers. By this plan the difficult and very dangerous topic of politics is avoided. Our authors would make it appear that the Duke of Wellington was far from a generous and magnanimous enemy of the French emperor, and that in these points, so essential to an illustrious character, he was much below the spirit of even our own cabinet and administration, which, at that period, had not the character of being actuated by enlarged views or noble feelings.

*Poems.* By JOHN STERLING.

Many of the poems in this little volume have appeared, and been duly admired, in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine. Mr. Sterling may, indeed, take an honourable place among our minor poets; and we think there is that in him that may hereafter entitle him to a seat among the magnates of verse. He has evidently studied in the best of modern schools. We mean, of course, that of the great and good Wordsworth, whose disciples are now increasing and multiplying in all directions. "The Sexton's Daughter," the first and longest piece in Mr. Sterling's work, is full of the Wordsworth feeling and turn of thought and expression, without being, in any measure, an imitation. There are some verses at the opening of Part IX., which seem to us exquisitely touching and beautiful. The following tribute to the "Logician, metaphysician, and bard," Samuel Taylor Coleridge, is worthy of its subject.

" Like some full tree that bends with fruit and leaves,  
While gentle wind a quivering descant weaves,  
He met the gaze; with sibyl eyes, and brow  
By age snow-clad, yet bright with summer's glow;  
His cheek was youthful, and his features played  
Like lights and shadows in a flowery glade.  
Around him flowed with many a varied fall  
And depth of voice, 'mid smiles most musical,  
Words like the seraph's, when in Paradise  
He vainly strove to make his hearers wise.  
In sore disease I saw him laid,—a shrine  
Half ruined, and all tottering, still divine.  
'Mid broken arch and shattered cloister hung  
The ivy's green, and wreaths of blossom clung;  
Through mingling vine and bay the sunshine fell,  
Or winds and moonbeams sported round the cell;  
But o'er the altar burnt that heavenly flame,  
Whose life no damp of earth availed to tame.  
And there have I swift hours a watcher been,  
Heard mystic spells, and sights prophetic seen,  
Till all beyond appeared a vast Inane,  
Yet all with deeper life revived again;  
And Nature woke in Wisdom's light, and grew  
Instinct with lore that else she never knew,  
Expanding spirits filled her countless forms,  
And truth beamed calmly through chaotic storms,

Till shapes, hues, symbols, felt the wizard's rod,  
 And while they sank in silence there was God.  
 O! heart that like a fount with freshness ran,  
 O! thought beyond the stature given to man,  
 Although thy page had blots on many a line,  
 Yet faith remedial made the tale divine.  
 With all the poet's fusing, kindling blaze,  
 And sage's skill to thread each tangled maze,  
 Thy fair expressive image meets the view,  
 Bearing the sunlike torch, and subtle clew;  
 Yet more than these, for thee the Christian's crown  
 By Faith and Peace outvalued all renown.  
 This wearing, enter yon supernal dome,  
 And reach at last thy calm ideal home!  
 Enough for us to follow from afar,  
 And joyous track thy clear emerging star."

*The Nation in a Dilemma ; or, which shall we Alter ? the Currency ?  
 or the mode of Taxation ?* By the Author of "The Currency  
 Question in a Nutshell."

We were much struck with the shrewdness and good sense displayed in this author's former pamphlet ; and we may state that we have looked into the present essay with equal or superior satisfaction. Our serious currency maladies seem to occur periodically. Every five or six years something, not yet understood, goes wrong ; we wake in the morning, and find suddenly that property has been depreciated some twenty per cent., and that the commercial world is in a panic, though the amount of our *material wealth* has not, in reality, been diminished to any perceptible amount. The notions of men immersed in the ordinary routine of business, of men studying the subject abstractedly, and as a branch of science, the theories of political economists, and the remedies and operations of financiers and ministers of state, have all hitherto been incomplete and unsatisfactory. The cleverest men—provided they are not wedded to some theory—are the readiest to confess that there is something in these financial difficulties which they cannot understand. Of all earthly subjects it is, perhaps, the most important, for it affects the well-being of all of us, from the richest to the poorest, from the great landholder to the ploughboy, from the great merchant or manufacturer to the humblest labourer at the loom. It is only by the lights struck from the collision of different opinions that we may hope to be able, some day or other, to see our way clearly through their darkness and uncertainty ; and every sensible man, like the writer of the remarks before us, does good in producing his notions. He traces the cause of the calamity to a false and unsound system of currency. His arguments upon this, and other points, scarcely admit of abbreviation. We therefore recommend the whole of his pamphlet to general and attentive perusal. It is so short, consisting of thirty-nine pages, that it may be read in an hour, but the ideas it suggests may profitably engage reflection for weeks and months.

*Life, Health, and Disease.* Fourth Edition.

We are well pleased to see that this very useful and cleverly-written book has reached a fourth edition. We still remember the pleasure we derived from the perusal of it, when it made its first appearance in the pages of the "*Metropolitan*," and, under the unassuming title of "*Letters to Brother John*," courted some share of public approbation. We heartily congratulate the author, that, notwithstanding the rivalry of its numerous *congeners* in the world of literature, it still maintains its course; neither borne down by the weight of more ponderous, tomes nor choked by the rank luxuriance of others. It maintains its ground, because it possesses the proper qualities of a good book, originality and soundness of opinion, with a straightforward and vigorous expression of it.

The second edition followed so closely on the heels of the first, that we did not think it necessary to add to what we had already said in its favour. This fourth edition, we perceive, has several improvements; the table of contents is more ample and is better arranged, and we are glad to find that the work itself has been purged of what appeared to us as somewhat questionable. As a literary performance, it will rank with some of the best compositions that adorn and enrich our libraries, and as a physiological treatise, in a popular and pleasing style, it stands unrivalled. Divested of all technicalities, it first makes the reader acquainted with the wonderful structure of the human fabric, the phenomena attending the circulation, the mechanism of nutrition and the adaptation of every part of the living machine to the purposes of life; and then, by a series of arguments and illustrations, which none can read without admiring and admitting, he shows how disease and pain, and all those ills which harass and embitter life, are the natural consequences of our perversion of reason, the results which necessarily arise from the false positions in which we are continually placing ourselves; that if we would be no longer "*three-corner'd men*,"—if we would enjoy life, and health, and strength, as we see it enjoyed by the unreasoning brute—if we would escape sickness, and care, and sorrow, and premature decay; we must submit to be the creatures that God in his wisdom designed us to be, and no longer seek to elevate ourselves into a condition which is at variance with the immutable laws of nature.

That we are not singular in our commendation of the work under review, or misleading our readers by partial and extravagant eulogy, is in some measure proved, not only by the success that has attended its publication, but by the fact that a gentleman of fortune and influence, and who is justly esteemed for his unbounded benevolence, has, with the author's permission, and at his own cost, published for gratuitous distribution several thousand copies of an abstract; in the full persuasion that the course of reasoning adopted by the author on "*STIMULANTS*" will be the means of making the most incredulous aware of their pernicious influence.

To all those who would lead a pleasurable existence—to all who would live as God designed them to live—that is, happily and



healthily, in the full enjoyment of the sun, and the air, and the green fields, and all those bounties by which all are surrounded, we recommend a careful perusal of this book, for truly may it be designated *Ἐνδίου τοι ἔπος*.

That our readers may judge of the author's style and mode of reasoning, we present the following short extract:—

“ Look at the delicate and fragile plant in your garden ! see how it is buffeted by the wind, and alternately scorched by the sun, and deluged by the rain, and frozen by the frost, and spattered by the mud, and brushed and bruised by the passenger's foot ! yet how greenly and healthily it grows ! Take it into your parlour, and warm it by the fire, and curtain it with flannel, and defend it from the cold, and the wind, and the rain, and the rude contact of the traveller's foot, and the other “discomforts” of its out-of-door existence. What think you ? will it continue to flourish as greenly and healthily as before ? We know that we cannot remove it, without great injury to its health ; why then do we presume that we may alter the condition of the other with impunity ? ”

*The Morea ; with some Remarks on the Present State of Greece.* By ALEXANDER BAILLIE COCHRANE.

Mr. Cochrane dedicates this volume to his father, Sir Thomas Cochrane—a pleasing trait of filial affection which it is ever gratifying to witness. There is some animated poetry in these pages, produced, as the author informs us, by feelings and impressions awakened by a short residence in the classic climes of the East. We have little space, and must therefore content ourselves by giving a short extract, and recommending the work to the attention of our readers.

“ And thou calm water of the dark blue sea,  
Fresh as thy clime where beauty loves to dwell ;  
Thou cloudless sky, thou silvery olive-trees,  
Which murmur in the evening breeze—farewell !  
Farewell ! for thou hast sometime been to me  
A sweetest thought, and I have loved thee well ;  
And I may wander forth for many years,  
Before I feel as now, or weep such tears.

Farewell ! farewell ! the land's receding fast,  
The blue waves kiss the prow, and each loved spot  
Fades in the distance, and the happy past  
Henceforward is a dream of that is not,  
Where'er my fleeting destiny is cast,  
Blue hills of Greece, ye'll never be forgot ;  
Farewell ! my harp is faint ! its notes are low,  
There are no hills to wake an echo now.”

Mr. Cochrane's remarks, at the close of his work, have a political bearing, into which we have not space here to enter.

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Jack Ashore. By Edward Howard. 3 vols. 8vo.  
 Osborne's London and Birmingham Railway, with Thirty Engravings. 18mo. 5s.  
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## LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The new volume of the works of Sir E. L. Bulwer for the present month contains "ALICE, OR THE MYSTERIES," beautifully illustrated by Von Holst and Stephanoff. The admirers of the writings of this distinguished author must be eager to possess themselves of this new and very beautiful edition.

Mrs. Jameson has nearly completed her editorial revision of "PETER PAUL RUBENS, HIS LIFE AND GENIUS;" translated by Mr. Noel, from the German of Dr. Waagen.

The extraordinary work, from which we have had the pleasure of giving some extracts in our present number, "TIMON, BUT NOT OF ATHENS," will appear, we believe, in about a fortnight.

Mr. Reeves' translation of M. de Tocqueville's completion of his valuable work, "DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA," is expected to be ready the first week in April, to be published at the same time with the original in Paris. We understand this portion of the work possesses a peculiar interest, as exhibiting the social effects of democratic principles.

Mrs. Colonel Hartley's new work, "INDIAN LIFE, A TALE OF THE CARNATIC," is now published.

The new work recently announced, entitled "HAWKWOOD, A ROMANCE OF ITALY," is nearly ready.

Sir Francis Vincent's new work, "ARUNDEL, A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION," is announced for publication on the 6th instant.

Mr. Cochrane has just published his new work, "THE MOREA," with some remarks on the present state of Greece.

The public will be gratified to learn that a new and complete edition of the Works of Fielding, in one handsome volume, is on the eve of making its appearance. Prefixed to it will be a life, expressly written for this edition by Mr. Thomas Roscoe, the industrious editor of so many Works of Prose Fiction, both of native and foreign production.

The Electrical Society of London are preparing for publication the first part of their "Transactions;" and the first number of a "Journal" will soon appear, edited by their Secretary.

In the press, "The Life and Times of Martin Luther," by the author of "Three Experiments of Living."

Dr. Andrew Combe has in the press a new work on the physical and moral management of early infancy.

"Michael Angelo, considered as a Philosophic Poet; with Translations, by John Edward Taylor," is now ready.



## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1840.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Feb.					
23	34-20	30.15-30.13	E.		Generally clear.
24	37-20	30.37-30.23	N.E.		Generally clear.
25	41-24	30.49-30.43	E.	.005	General clear.
26	37-27	30.48-30.43	E.		Generally cloudy, sun shining during the aftern.
27	38-30	30.36-30.30	N.E.		Generally clear. [of snow fell.
28	43-30	30.24-30.17	N.E.		Gen. clear, except the morn. when a few flakes
29	42-29.5	30.28-30.21	N.E.		Gen. clear, a few small flakes of snow fell during [the morning.
Mar.					
1	37-23	30.26-30.25	E.		Generally clear.
2	43-24	30.34-33.31	E.		Clear. [fell.
3	45-29	30.34-30.28	N.		Gen. clear, except the morn. when a little snow
4	39-27	30.29 Stat.	N.E.		Clear.
5	45-25	30.33-30.31	N.E.		Clear. [the south about 8 p.m.
6	47-19	30.40-30.34	E.		Clear, a small meteor with a long train seen in
7	49-22	30.50-30.42	N.E.		Clear.
*8	51-24	30.54-30.52	N.E.		Clear.
9	49-20	30.52-30.46	N.E.		Clear.
10	53-24	30.32-30.22	N.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
11	47-38	30.23-30.21	N.		Gen. overcast, small rain falling at times.
12	51-33	30.17-30.14	N.W.	.025	Morning overcast, otherwise clear.
13	51-30	30.05-29.95	W.		Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
14	51-38	29.97 Stat.	N.W.		General overcast.
15	48-32	29.92-29.75	W.		Cloudy, small rain falling nearly all the day.
16	46-38	30.14-29.89	N.E.	.1	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
17	47-32	30.17-30.12	N.E.	.0125	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
18	46-34	30.11-30.06	N.	.005	General cloud, small rain falling at times.
19	49-37	30.22-30.09	N.E.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
20	49-27	30.25-30.20	N.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
21	45-28	30.30-30.25	N.		Generally clear. [the afternoon.
22	46-25	30.25-30.06	W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain fell during

\* The barometer has not been so high as on the 8th, since the 20th of October, 1837.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Notwithstanding our unfortunate difference with the Celestial Empire, the prices of all sorts of teas are on the decline, and the sales extremely flat. Advices have been received that the usual supply, and even more, will reach our shores. Owing to the financial mistakes in America, our commerce with that country has been much disarranged, and consequently there has been, and still exists, great distress in our manufacturing districts. Foreign competitions, in many parts of the world, are pressing hard upon our commercial interests, and we should seriously think of altering our policy in many things connected with trade. Notwithstanding these sinister appearances, the cotton market continues firm, and the

supplies from the East Indies continue to increase. Upon a review of all our relations, we may say, that, though our business has not increased during the last month, it has been steady and comparatively safe. We fervently trust that we may be enabled to progress in our mercantile prosperity, unchecked by foreign war or internal commotions. Trade has become acclimated to peace—long may it so remain.

### PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS.

On Saturday, 28th of March.

#### ENGLISH STOCKS.

Consols, 90 one-half. — Ditto, for 14th April, 90 three-fourths. — Three and a Half per Cents. 99 to 98 three-fourths. — India Stock, for opening, 249. — Exchequer Bills, 16, 18 prem.

#### FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Three per Cent., 24 one-eighth. — Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent. 53 three-eighths. — Spanish Bonds, 27 one fourth. — Spanish deferred, 13 three-fourths.

**MONEY MARKET REPORT.**—At this date, money is fully worth 5 and  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. and exchequer bills at 18 premium. During the month the fluctuations in our own Stock Market have not been very great. It would be useless to advert to the foreign stocks, as but very little alteration has taken place since we last noticed them. Generally speaking, there has been a slight improvement in the Share Market. For the last few days of the past month there was a slight depression, though scarcely worth noticing, in the rates of exchange on Amsterdam and Paris.

### BANKRUPTS.

FROM FEB. 25 TO MARCH 20, 1840, INCLUSIVE.

*Feb. 23.*—J. Furzman, Smart's-buildings, Holborn, victualler. — S. James, jun., and W. James, High-street, Whitechapel, smiths. — G. Richardson, Smith's-buildings, City-road, coach-maker. — T. Agutter, Deptford, fellmonger. — T. Robson, Wall, Northumberland, butcher. — W. Ansell, Pontypool, shopkeeper. — J. Buckett, Overthorpe, Northamptonshire, sheep salesman. — J. Hodge, Tiverton, coach-maker. — J. Rothwell, Elton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.

*Feb. 28.*—J. Minett, Essex Wharf, Essex-street, Strand, coal merchant. — P. C. Blackett, Green-street, Grosvenor-square, lodging-house keeper. — G. Long, Croydon, Surrey, coal merchant. — J. Storer, Ibstock, Leicestershire, auctioneer. — J. Jones, Liverpool, merchant. — R. N. Williams, Bristol, cabinet-maker. — D. Crane, Stafford, publican. — J. Green, Ipswich, linen-draper. — J. Mulcaster and B. Vaughan, St. Paul's Church-yard, wholesale furriers. — G. A. Kollman, St. Martin's-lane, pianoforte maker. — G. R. B. Cooke, Leamington Priors. — T. Barron, Bolton-le-Moors, cotton spinner. — R. Hickman, Bilston, timber-merchant. — B. Bonnor, Gloucester, money-scrivener. — W. Chapman and T. Kenning, Birmingham, fire-iron-makers. — R. P. Prat and S. Prat, Glastonbury, scriveners. — S. Forsell, Leicester, hosier. — W. Watton, Birmingham, printer. — H. Burton, Wem, Shropshire, corn dealer. — J. Bardsley, Denton, Lancashire, hat manufacturer. — D. Hilton, Greenacres Moor, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. — J. Clarke, Manchester, paper-dealer. — J. Wilson, Tydesley Banks, Lancashire, cot-

ton-spinner. — J. Oakes, Sheffield, merchant cutler. — H. Martin, West Teignmouth, linen-draper.

*March 3.*—W. J. Hammond, Essex-street, Stand, music publisher. — R. Wharton, Oldham, innkeeper. — J. Sanderson, Heywood, Lancashire, fustian manufacturer. — H. Philliskirk, Leeds, tailor. — J. Maccaffery, Mirfield, Yorkshire, contractor. — W. Cornforth, jun., Holbeck, Yorkshire, flax-spinner. — W. Liddle, Leeds, flax-spinner. — F. Stephenson, Bradford, saddler. — H. Kershaw, Manchester, twist dealer. — J. A. Howe, Bristol, umbrella manufacturer. — J. Roberts, Nottingham, gardener and seedsman. — H. Holland, Westbromwich, scrivener. — J. Brookes, Birmingham, builder.

*March 6.*—W. Strange, Abingdon, wine-merchant. — A. Mason, Chigwell, corn-dealer. — D. Elstob, Conduit-street, Bond-street, underwriter. — T. Kimbell, Haddenham, Buckinghamshire, grocer. — R. Bowie and W. Bowie, Burr-street, Lower East Smithfield, surgeons. — S. Belt and J. Whitfield, Wintaton, Durham, merchants. — J. Bennett, Halifax, draper. — W. Fairclough, Wavertree, Lancashire, innkeeper. — J. Heatley, Manchester, brewer, innkeeper. — T. B. Hewlett and D. Hewlett, Northampton, ironmongers. — W. Morris, Birmingham, builder. — W. Ion, Pontypool. — D. Howard, Huddersfield, drysalter.

*March 10.*—W. Wheeler and Edward Wheeler, Oxford, horsedealers. — E. Barnes, Sheffield, cutler. — H. Blackburn, Halifax, grocer. — T. W. Wilson, Barnsley, linen manufacturer. — J. Willson, Liverpool, wine mer-

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